



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 14. No. 3. 1st May, 1941.



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 14. No. 3

1st May, 1941



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•

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 17th May, 1941.

The Club Man's Diary

MAY BIRTHDAYS:—4th, Mr. L. M. Browne, Mr. D. F. Stewart; 6th, Mr. H. C. Bartley; 7th, Mr. L. P. R. Bean, Mr. G. A. Crawford; 10th, Mr. F. F. Copland; 15th, Mr. J. Goldberg; 16th, Dr. L. S. Loewenthal; 18th, Mr. R. H. Cumming; 22nd, Mr. Justice Herron, Mr. de Renzie Rich; 26th, Mr. R. B. Barmby, Mr. C. R. Tarrant, Mr. J. T. Hackett; 28th, Mr. G. Chiene; 30th, Judge Clancy; 31st, Mr. A. Abel.

* * *

Members are reminded that the annual meeting of the club will be held in the club room on Wednesday, May 7th, at 8 p.m.

* * *

Congratulations to Mr. F. K. Mackay on his election to the A.J.C. committee. This is an office of distinction, held in the past, and held still, by men ranking high in public esteem, all measuring up to the traditional model of sportsmanship. Into that company Mr. Mackay goes, worthily recommended, well equipped. He should carry on the splendid record of his family as patron of a sport reflecting the British way of life which so many times in history has been assailed, but which has survived because of the British spirit, the British sporting spirit, that can turn to the stern tasks with vigour and with valour.

* * *

The fact that Mr. Mackay races in the colors made famous by Beauford—bred and raced by his father, the late Mr. W. H. Mackay—recalls, not only the stirring Beauford-Gloaming duels, but a day when I was perched high on the public stand at Randwick to watch what was actually a Beauford-Eurythmic match race.

I happened to mention that I had backed Eurythmic. "Don't say that, mate," put in a little fellow perched even more precariously. "Don't say that. I've got my socks on Beauford. If he loses I'll have to walk all the way back to Newcastle."

The cheers that followed Beauford's great win on that day almost lifted the tops off the stands.

Of course, we were familiar with the name, "Yaralla." Before Mr. Monty Walker's great colt put it in the headlines, so named was the home of a lady distinguished for her unostentatious charity. She bore the name that Mr. Walker bears, and was of a family with its roots deep in Australian soil.

With such associations, it is appropriate that a colt carrying the name, "Yaralla," should be of especial class, and in its ownership represent all that is worth while in sportsmanship.

* * *

"Except for a King's Cross and one or two other essentials, one can hardly realise he is nearly 2,000 miles from Australia's premier city." So writes club member Winston S. Edwards to the secretary from the officers' mess, Royal Australian Air Force, Darwin.

"Med. ball is the most popular form of sport among the officers. It is known here as Donver ball—'Donver' being an Air Force expression used on almost any occasion, particularly when at loss for a word," he adds.

"I met well-known swimmer Owen Griffiths, who arrived as a Lieutenant in the Navy. I had a swim with him in the town baths where the tide rises 27 ft. twice a day. I certainly miss the daily routine of the 3rd floor in the club.

"Climate here produces paradoxes. We swim and play cricket in the winter, which is 'the dry,' and football is the game in the summer ('the wet'). Shooting will be wonderful from now on—wild geese, ducks, buffalo, crocs, and kangaroos. Fishing is also good at neap tides. At other times it is impossible to get one's line to the bottom.

"I would greatly appreciate letters up here from the boys down there. Arrival of the mail is a big event."

* * *

Footnote: The plea for letters should be heeded by members. Remember the song: "When You're A

Long, Long Way From Home . . ."
And remember the boys who have given up so much to stand guard against the invader.

* * *

The Veilmonds coming into the news recalls how that worthy sire once got me out of it at Randwick in the last. One in a position to have known said: "The race is a set-up for Veilmond if he isn't crowded."

"What's that mean?" I asked fingering nervously my last quidlet. "It's a big field."

"It means that he'll win if given ample galloping room," my friend said.

"Are you certain the other horses—to say nothing of their riders—will prove so accommodating?" I went on, still clutching my final note.

"Look here," my friend put in, "you'd better slip out and get on. The horses are going out."

Veilmond was crowded at the turn but, passing the Leger, the field spreadeagled across the course. A horse shot out from the centre of the field. It was Veilmond!

"He's home," my friend remarked, lowering his glasses and making his way out of the official stand toward the ring, before the finish.

* * *

We read of a jockey having been disqualified in South Australia because he had held on to the tail of a rival horse. It is not to be suggested—despite the disqualification—that the rider had any sordid motive, such as to stop the favourite. We think, however, that South Australia must be a backward State when the age-old recipe to catch 'em apparently has not yet percolated into the fastnesses of the country: we refer to putting salt on their tails.

* * *

A sporting writer's tribute, reviewing the Sydney Cup: "A surprise feature of the race was ten-year-old Hope's second."

Reminding us: While there's life there's Hope.

Though racing may be commercialised in certain respects, there is still a good deal of humanity in the business. "Good investments" are not in the majority thrown on to the scrap heap—meaning sold into the shafts of milk carts, or turned out to fend for themselves when they deteriorate as "dividend producers." Many are pensioned off.

* * *

As a horse-lover I was grieved by the death recently of Will H. Ogilvie, the Scotsman who came as a jackeroo to Australian station life and twanged his lyre with Lawson, Daley, Paterson and others in the golden era of Australian verse.

In one of his books, "Fair Girls and Gray Horses," you will find the horse-lover in revolt against heartlessness toward horses in a superb poem, titled "Out of the Chains." Read it, if you have not done so already. You would be all the better, too, for acquaintance with the grand verse of Ogilvie. There are second-hand and cheap editions of his works to be had.

By the way, he was author of that poem (later made into a song) which saluted the Anzacs on their entering their second phase (France) of World War No. 1. The theme of that poem was: "The Bravest Thing God Ever Made."

Ogilvie returned to his native Scotland as the years drew in, but his heart remained in Australia, of which he had sung with such lyrical fervor.

* * *

We told recently of the exploit of club member Major Chiltern in becoming Governor of a captured town in Libya. Since then he has become Lieut.-Col Chiltern, D.S.O. A cheerio from all here to the gallant fellow.

* * *

It was Clarence Moody (mentioned elsewhere in this issue) who wrote for George Giffen the latter's book, "With Bat and Ball" (from notes prepared by the cricketer); and it was Moody also who first directed attention in Adelaide to "the great possibilities of a young

left-handed batsman," then at school, and who prevailed upon Giffen to try out the lad. That left-hander was Clem Hill—the rest is history.

* * *

I heard an airman explain why a 'plane, starting from the U.S.A. on a flight to England, had the assistance of the wind:

The earth revolves from West to East, carrying with it a "belt" of air. Also, cold air from the North Pole is constantly rushing towards the equator to take the place of the warm air which rises there. These two factors result in a wind over the Atlantic which is almost continuously blowing in a westerly direction, from America to England, especially during the summer. It follows, therefore, that a 'plane starting from America has the assistance of the wind perhaps during the whole of the flight. Starting from England probably means, on the other hand, flying in the face of the wind all the way. Another big point is that in starting behind the wind, so to speak, the airman can choose a time when the wind is not carrying fog. From this side an airman may start when no fog is reported, only to run into one which has "blown along" while he is over the ocean.

The foregoing is interesting in view of the flying of U.S.A.-manufactured 'planes across the Atlantic to England.

* * *

Megalomania afflicts Emperor and paper-hanger alike. Kaiser Wilhelm and Hitler, in the toils of the madness, each contrived at an invasion of England, just as had Napoleon when subject to the same frenzy. History tells that all three had wiser counsels at their elbow; but none can contend with a madman.

Almost desperately, the German Chancellor of 1914 advised the Kaiser to bag the conceit about conquering England; for, as he said: "Sire, I know those English."

The Emperor couldn't be reasoned with any more than he could reason, megalomaniac that he was.

At that stage, as with Napoleon before him, Wilhelm was fit subject for a padded cell, specially as paranoia had supervened. He couldn't shake off his fixation. "Then," said the Chancellor, "you will invade England only over the body of the last Englishman."

Suffering a similar affliction of mind, Hitler's heading for the same remote rathouse in exile.

* * *

What, you might ask, has a story about hot cross buns, broadcast at Eastertime all the way from Lunnon, got to do with "blitz" and the ultimate triumph of the English? Frankly, I would not have known, only I happened to have tuned-in to a B.B.C. broadcast.

The village baker was invited up to the microphone and, after he had given his recipe, he was asked if it were not a fact that conditions (meaning bombers and U-boats) would account for a scarcity in ingredients this year. Mightn't his output be curtailed, accordingly?

The baker answered that there was less of this and of that, and the danger existed of his outfit (including himself) being at any time bombed into oblivion. "But," he said, "we'll get through all right."

How typical of the English, I thought. The odds stacked to the ceiling against them, but—"we'll get through all right."

* * *

In my early years of journalism I was summoned before an irate Editor to explain what he from his seat of erudition described as "lapsus calami." It was no more than a simple slip of the pen but, paraded under that Latin tag, it assumed absurdly important form. I listened humbly to the discourse of the great man and, retiring, muttered something meek from the Latin.

So we were quits.

These slips of the pen may be calamitous. Usually they represent

(Continued on Page 5.)

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The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

no more than petty annoyance. One doesn't know how they happened to get by. For example: paying a tribute in the previous issue to the memory of the late Mr. A. J. Kennedy I confused his Christian name—although I was on such terms of friendship as to address the good fellow always as "Alf."

* * *

When at a Sydney party the wife of another husband was embraced (and kissed) by the husband of another wife, he, the kisser, observed to her, the kissee:—"A slice off a cut loaf is never missed." Thereupon a Sunday newspaper wrote: "This is a statement of great age which has its various applications to various sets of circumstances."

I am not aware of the origin, although this line from Shakespeare's "Titus Adronicus" may suggest something: ". . . easy it is of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know."

* * *

A friend writes to ask if any professional member of the club could answer this question: "Am I legally married if the shotgun wasn't loaded?"

* * *

Death of the Hon. Dr. Frank E. Wall, M.D., M.L.C., lost to this city and to this State—indeed to our Commonwealth—a man of outstanding gifts with a deep sense of public duty. He was esteemed everywhere for gentle acts of charity and a heart responsive to the anguished plea of humanity, as for the distinguished part he played in his profession, as an administrator, and as a legislator. His public record—including his acquisition of the secret of the manufacture of the improved anthrax vaccine from the late John McGarvie Smith—has been set out in the daily newspapers.

The club was represented officially at the funeral by the Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill), Mr. H. C. Bartley, Mr. J. H. O'Dea, Mr. F. G. Underwood and the Secretary (Mr. T. T. Manning).

EASTER CARNIVAL

So many people are known by Mr. George Chiene, and so many know George by the Christian-name form of address, that my way was made cheerful when he took me on a round of introductions, and by his intimate acquaintance was able to inform and colour this chronicle as it relates to country sportsmen in town at Eastertime for the A.J.C. meeting and the Show.

There was Mr. Frank Morrissey, of Ameroo, Willow Tree, with the broad shoulders distinctive of his family, so well known as breeders, exhibitors and judges of cattle, as figures in the world of racing and on the athletic fields. Remember the late Jack and Pat Morrissey as judges in the cattle sections at the R.A.S.? And the late Charles Morrissey, one of the greatest footballers ever produced by the G.P.S.—which is a compliment to Riverview—and who represented Australia at Rugby Union. Those three were brothers of Frank.

Mr. Tom Knapton, proprietor of the Inverell "Times," and his mate, Mr. C. Kimorley, many years secretary of the Inverell Racing Club, came through serious bouts of illness in recent times, but are again on the high road.

Also from Inverell way, Mr. Con Murray, and in a group nearby Mr. Pat Little, of Bundarra.

When Mr. Bert Bowser, of Newcastle, was a professional runner in other years he was in championship class. He has lost his form, necessarily, with the seasons, but not his popularity.

I recall taking 250-1 the double Panacre-Kennaquahair (Epsom-Metrop) from Bert. That double started 25-1. Panacre beat the Epsom favourite Verberry in the Tramway Handicap, and in the Epsom seemed a racecourse certainty. He was fifth and full of running approaching the turn into the straight. And then . . . it's a sad story. Something happened. He fell back, as a result to 13th. Kennaquahair, as you know, won the second leg by from here to Circular Quay.

Mr. Frank Watts, for many years one of the best known of Holbrook's inhabitants, has settled at Collaroy, where his chief dissipation is . . . golf. He was one of the fortunates to have a tote ticket on No. 19 (Thrax) which paid 90 to 1. The feeling of collecting on a ticket like that is akin to the sensation of holing in one.

"The father of picnic racing in the Moree district," they called Mr. G. S. Smith, as happy a personality as you would meet. He was down from Westerham, Singleton. His son, Bruce, is with the A.I.F. in Libya—one of those gallant lads on whose deeds the whole fabric of our way of life rests at this moment.

* * *

Mr. Dan Murray was one of the fortunate fellows who backed the big double—and it seemed so easy (after the events) that we wonder however we came to slip ourselves.

Dan is a brother of Tom, business director and M.L.C. AND golfer. Tom once took me up to Roseville to see his golf, and (as I wrote at the time) he marked more trees in the hinterland than the early explorers.

Incidentally, Dan hails from Canowindra. I usually strike Tom along the Castlereagh—oh, no, not the outback—and I have never known his hospitality to fail.

Almost as inseparable as were their fathers (Messrs. W. and F. Moses) are the cousins Mr. Rupert Moses (Singleton) and Mr. Reg. Moses (Aberdeen). In the race won by Reg's horse, Rylstone, Rupert's mare, Sigh, ran third. Rylstone carries the colours of the famous Poitrel, owned by Messrs. W. and F. Moses.

A veteran in the club (who had been attending races since 1869) told me that Poitrel would have beaten any horse in Australian turf history, not excluding Carbine and Phar Lap, up to 3 miles.

* * *

I had not met Mr. Lionel Manchee, of Biniguy, Moree, previously,

(Continued on Page 7.)



TATTERSALL'S CLUB
157 ELIZABETH STREET,
SYDNEY.

Members are reminded that the Annual General Meeting will be held in the Club Room on Wednesday, 7th May, 1941, at 8 o'clock p.m.

BUSINESS :

- (a) To confirm Minutes of Annual General Meeting of Members held on the 15th May, 1940.
- (b) To adopt the Annual Report, Profit and Loss Account, Balance Sheet and accompanying Statements for the year ended 28th February, 1941.
- (c) To elect a Chairman.
- (d) To elect a Treasurer.
- (e) To elect Four Members to serve on the Committee for Two Years.
- (f) To elect an Auditor or Auditors.
- (g) To transact any other business that may be brought before the Meeting in accordance with the Rules of the Club.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

Easter Carnival

(Continued from Page 5.)

but he appealed to me at once as wonderful horse lover. He told me about the deeds of his picnic horse, Sononomy, as if he had won a classic at Randwick or Flemington (or both). And, believe me, in his company and in his class Sononomy was some horse. With him Mr. Manchee won the coveted gold bracelet thrice at Moree and once at Inverell. In open company he won the Gold Cup. Sononomy also holds the N.S.W. record of 1.14 for six furlongs for grass-fed horses. He carried 10.4.

As you listen to Mr. Manchee tell those facts with pride you think: What a horse! Yes, and what a sportsman to take such pride in his record-holder.

A brother of Lionel, A. F. (Dick), was a famous Rugby Union footballer of his day. As half-back, he repped against the English team led by Molyneux, and his Sydney club was Wallaroo.

Col. J. McMahon, Ringmaster at the Royal Empire Show, and senior vice-president of the R.A.S., was a football contemporary of Dick. Jimmy played full-back for Randwick and for N.S.W., Mr. Lionel Manchee recalled.

Mr. W. C. Moodie, now of Sydney, for many years ran the Moree Picnic Race Club with Mr. Syd

Longworth. George Chiene told me that they were a wonderful combination.

Great, jovial Murt O'Brien, of Braidwood, looked the picture of health. Everybody was pleased. No man has more well-wishers.

Mr. Clifford Longworth, of Tallyana, has won very many races at picnic meetings in the north-west district. In town also was his father-in-law, Mr. A. J. Gilder, of Piercefield, Muswellbrook, who ran third with Gippsland in the Sydney Cup.

Mr. W. S. Thomas, of Curragong Park, Wagga, was at Randwick with mates Bill Gale, Les Mitchell and Frank Watts. All keen racing men.

Mr. Brian Crowley, of Oree, Merrywinebone, is a supporter of picnic racing in the north-west, but is known in Sydney as owner of Hilarious, The Kite and Rhythmic, among others. A fine type, Brian Crowley, and among turf patrons one representing sportsmanship at its best.

Mr. Ben Richards, owner of Cooranga, was about with his brother, Keith, from Hillview, Cootamundra. Their late brother, Col, owned Desert Rose, which won the Gimcrack Stakes and Maribyrnong Plate. An older brother, Theo, was an Australian champion amateur sprinter and conqueror of the great W. T. Macpherson. Theo and Ben played for Randwick when Jimmy McMahon was full-back.

Mr. H. R. Munro, of Bingara, carries his 80 odd years lightly and uprightly. His name is famous in turf history. He won the Doncaster with the grey, Sir Christopher, and the Metropolitan with Laddie Blue. Red Thespian is another of many that have carried his colours.

Mr. Munro is president of the North-West Racing Association, and one of the best supporters of picnic racing. Withal, a man embodying the pioneer spirit that helped build a nation of Australia.

Mr. Harry Lucerne, one of the most popular figures to come out of Newcastle to the city on sporting occasions—and that's saying something when we consult our list—made a marvellous recovery after serious illness. To see him about again, to hail him, to share his splendid company, was indeed a tonic. Of what he has done in the sweet name of charity his closest friends know only a chapter in a volume.

* * *

Mr. Tom Payten, of Greendale, Canowindra, was about with brother Bayley who, as all know, experienced a profitable run of ins recently.

Two keen racing men among the crowd at Randwick were Mr. Bert Brown and Mr. Russell Brown, of the Angle Stud, Dubbo. Well-known, well liked.

Also there was Mr. Les Fines,

(Continued on Page 8.)

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EASTER CARNIVAL

(Continued from Page 7.)

mine host of the Westminster Hotel, Newcastle, who has succeeded Mr. Bertram Light as president of the Newcastle Jockey Club, and follows in a notable line of sportsmen whose names revive happy memories.

Mr. H. S. (Syd) Clissold, a member of the Canterbury Park Racing Club, lives at Ulladulla, and is noted among the natives as fisherman and gardener. He'll talk the breeding of dahlias to you and the crossing of roses, to show that horticulture may be blended with horseiculture—and pleasantly.

The three Livingston brothers have joined up with the forces—Ken, of The Myalls, who is secretary to Moree Picnic Race Club; Hughie, of Bulleroo; Hector, of Luxall. Good luck gentlemen!

Mr. R. F. Evans was down from Dabee, Rylstone. Always a keen patron of the turf, he has raced many horses, among them Vigne, one of the favorites for a Caulfield Cup.

The flare that Mr. F. G. (Pony) Finlay lit in the Rugby Union football realm in 1901 was fanned again into flame by his presence at Randwick and the Show. To-day, he is manager of Gurley, a big property, at Moree. In 1901 he came to Sydney as a member of The Armidale School XV., and provided the sensation of that season, and others following. Only 17½ years, he was chosen in the All Schools team; then for New England in Country Week; next for Combined Country; then for N.S.W.; next for Australia. As a half-back this snowy-haired youngster was named "a devil in attack, a demon in defence." So he was. The football he turned on against Bidell-Sivright's great team in 1904 was memorable.

He has two wonderful boys abroad with the forces—Ross in Greece and Jack in Malaya. Ross was a front row forward in Shore's team that was beaten narrowly by St. Joseph's, and Jack rowed in the

victorious Shore eight. Father is proud of these lads. It is a pride that we beg to share with him.

* * *

I have not the years behind me that Mr. Donald Grant, of Gerongra and Bairnkine, claims. I know now that when I move farther along the track of time I won't wear as well as does Mr. Grant, or be able to read without spectacles.

Mr. E. Hunter Bowman, of Skellatar, Muswellbrook, was down with several horses. His star performer was the well-named Flying Knight.

Others in the throng included: Mr. Charlie Murray, of Milrea, Walgett, who owned that smart hurdler, Sixteen Annas; Mr. Otway Falkiner, erstwhile owner and big bettor, still breeder of famous stud sheep; Mr. C. H. J. Schmidt, who has big interests in Queensland, and always has a horse or two in training; Mr. R. L. Richards, of Narrandera, and Mr. Frank Copland, of Wagga, who comes to Sydney nearly every week-end; Mr. Phil Julian, owner of Merry Smile.

Mr. E. A. ("Len") Haley, of the Te Kooma Stud, sold some yearlings by his new sire, Conspirator.

Mr. Bill Cannon, of Whiterock, Cairns, bought a couple of yearlings.

Mr. Clem Whitycombe, of Muswellbrook, "favoured a leg" mounting the stairs in the official stand, but looked well otherwise.

Presence of Mr. Bill Moses, of Gunnible, Gunnedah, reminded us that he had won an amateur race at Randwick with Legionilla.

Mr. Rex Sanderson, proprietor of the Melvic Theatre at Belmont, and his brother George, of Newcastle, were sighting the winners. Belmont to me is a place of happy memories. My good old Newcastle friend of other years, John Reid, had a lovely home there.

Mr. Lionel Israel told me: "You wouldn't know Newcastle now. It has grown—so . . ." He stretches

his arms as he speaks, like telling of the big one hooked in Lake Macquarie, but which got away.

My days in Newcastle—where I first met Lionel—were days of good company and good cheer. We used to drink socially and enjoy a game of broads without stradling expansively.

Mr. Keith Forrester, part owner of Veiled Witch and of Lagoon; Mr. Jimmy Gordon, of Werriwa, Bungendore; Mr. Tom Kennedy, of Kensington, Come-By-Chance; Dr. J. S. Le Fevre, formerly part owner with the late Mr. James Barnes, of good old Satmoth; Mr. Harry Pye, of Ghoolendaddi, Boggabri, who loves dearly to have a tilt at the ring; Mr. R. E. Sanderson, of Melvia; Mr. Harold Siddins, of Curragundi, Weemelah, patron of picnic races; Mr. Harry Taylor, of Wellington, who bred so many good horses; Mr. Frank Watts, of Morigiana, all were among us.

The presence of Mr. W. F. ("Tim") Whitney, of Waugoola, Woodstock, revived memories of Burri, a great little horse raced by his father.

Mr. H. S. Thompson, of Tarwyn Park stud, Rylstone, was there to see his fine mare, Feminist, run.

Mr. Norman Boylan was down from Newcastle. His gallant son was recently complimented by the King and decorated for daring exploits as a member of the Royal Air Force. Young Boylan is one of "the few" to whom Winston Churchill referred when he said: "Never in our history has the fate of so many depended on the deeds of so few."

One couldn't miss Mr. Jim Carr, of Binda, Goulburn, probably the tallest man at Randwick. Mr. Joe Cook has trained some good 'uns for him.

Mr. Jim Clayton was at one time acting as secretary and treasurer of the Newcastle Jockey Club. His colours are carried by Overbold. No greater enthusiast the racing game was ever known, anywhere.

Met on various days were: Mr. C. P. Wilson, of Mayvale, Barraba,

the owner of Fakenham, among other good horses; Mr. Leslie Wilson, of Malboona, near Mudgee; Mr. Tom Low, of Armidale; Mr. Otto Baldwin, of Durham Court, Manilla, who still breeds blood horses; the Black brothers, J. Y., of Wathagar, Moree, and J. H., who race horses in partnership. J. Y. won the Rosehill Guineas in 1918 with Woorawa; Mr. A. E. Cobcroft, of Herbert Park, Armidale, and Mr. G. W. Cobcroft, of Parraweena, Willow Tree; Mr. Peter Dillon, of Goonal, Moree, who enjoyed himself at the Show as well as at the races.

* * *

Interstate visitors included: Mr. Sol Green, of the Underbank Stud (Victoria), almost a whole personal chapter of Australia's racing history—a sportsman who gave the proceeds from the sale of a number of yearlings to the War Fund; Mr. W. L. Riordan, Mr. Jack Heeney, Mr. R. W. McLean, the owner of Lucrative, and Mr. H. Freedman, trainer of that class colt; Mr. F. Beazley, of Emerald (Q.); Mr. Frank Anning, of Cargoona, Pentland (Nth. Qld.).

* * *

Mr. C. E. McIntosh, of Quirindi, part owner of Henchman, sold some yearlings.

Mr. E. W. King, visitor from Victoria, is in hospital. We join with his many friends in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Mr. Bertram Light, formerly president of the Newcastle Jockey Club, and one of the best known sportsmen of the North, is among the big meeting regulars.

From 429 miles north, Wallangarra, came Mr. W. D. McMaster, well known in that part of the country as a forwarding agent and produce merchant.

Glimpsed on various days were: Messrs. T. Cox (Jervis Bay), J. H. Davis (Dorri哥), W. P. Foley (Jervis Bay), P. B. Lusk (Lithgow), N. McLeod (Tamworth), L. Stuart (Jerilderie), and M. Sussman (Newcastle).

An Angle on the Southpaws

THE SOUTHPAW, or right-hand-forward boxer, has confused and confounded better ringmen than the crop that Vic Patrick has been mowing down. No less a glove artist and master of ringcraft than Jack Carroll declared, after failing to handle a somewhat mediocre southpaw: "I'll never box one of them again." It was an expression of disgust at his showing, rather than an acknowledgment of inferiority, on the part of Carroll.

Fred Kay's southpaw stance—plus his great ability to back-pedal—more than anything else in his equipment, brought the elongated fellow wins. Milburn Saylor, the American, chased Kay throughout 20 3-minute rounds in the days when—as Bob Fitzsimmons used to say—"fighters was fighters."

When Kay was given the decision Saylor spoke a mouthful: "I'll back that guy to race backwards anyone in the world." Fact was that Saylor and others couldn't conquer Kay's awkward southpaw style. Tommy Uren could. Indeed, he told me that right hand forward or left hand forward, they—as in the old song about coons—all looked alike to him.

Jack Finney—whose name has cropped up in another sphere in re-

A news item about Lough Neagh in retirement—"Although he raced for seasons against Australia's best horses and seldom carried under 9st., his legs are as sound as the day he started racing."

Sound legs to-day make headlines. It wasn't so always.

When we talked racing and racehorses in other years, the late Clarence Moody (then "Poseidon," of "The Sun") used to quote Pistol as a shining example of soundness in a sire; and Moody would go on to name many of Pistol's get to prove (particularly among the steeplechasers and hurdlers) how that quality was transmitted. "All the Pistols had legs of steel," he used to say.

cent years—was a southpaw. He was engaged once with a more brilliant boxer, whom Finney sought to confuse by changing his stance from right hand forward to left hand forward, and so on. When Finney found that southpaw tactics were scoring he set about lathering his opponent about the body.

In the corner of the lad being mauled was a fellow I happened to know. During the rest period, after the fifth round, he came across to me and asked: "What's wrong?" I replied: "Only this: you have a boy capable of boxing the ears off Finney, but he and you seem to have dumped your brains. Your boy is not awake to the fact that he is moving into left wallop. He thinks he is walking away from right crosses, as if Finney were fighting left hand forward." The chief second altered the lad's style and he ran out a winner.

To-day I still see boxers massacred because they do not, or cannot, think for themselves outside conventional lines, and there seems to be no one in the corner to think for them. Point is: when an opponent switches his style the other fellow must switch his form of defence and attack.

There's no more reason why a boxer of any class should fail against another simply because the latter happens to adopt southpaw tactics than that a grade cricketer should not score at any time he faces up to a left-hand bowler.

If I were backing a lad to beat Patrick my first move would be to get Tommy Uren to teach my fellow just how.

Incidentally, the best southpaw boxer-fighter in my experience was the abo. Jerry Jerome. Do you recall the way he bowled over (among others) the Frenchman, de Balzac, and the Englishman Sullivan. He slaughtered Pat Bradley, but the Irishman showed the stamina of a superman to win. And Jerry was a youngster of 50 odd when he engaged in those contests!

—THE CLUB MAN

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HELIDON SPA

For Better Health

THE BOMBED SPIRES OF LONDON WILL RISE AGAIN

There is an engraving of London which dates from before the First Great Fire. The artist had a flair for poetry. On a scroll upheld by two grim lions he has copperplated: *London, the glory of Great Britaines Ile*

Behold her landscape here and true Profile.

He had the courage to produce another drawing after the blaze. Of the "tru profile" only the distant Hampstead hills are the same. St. Paul's long roof is torn and gutted. Spires are gone or stand barefooted. Perhaps it was then that the church where Milton was to rest eight years later made the remark preserved in the nursery rhyme:

Brickbats and tiles

Say the bells of St. Giles.

Quite laconic was St. Giles'! The bells from a sister spire were inspired to prophecy:

Bullseyes and targets

Say the bells of St. Margaret's.

No one heeded for two hundred and eighty years!

Wren raised new spires over the fire-blackened tangle of streets. Quaint spires, symbolic of England. They are mediaeval, Greek and Roman in turn as we look them up and down, or follow them round the skyline. Faults apart, they are ours—or were, for the Second Great Fire has come. The blitz has followed the blaze. There are sodden hymn books, "For the Use of Visitors," among charred pews. Through open roofs the winter rains find famous graves.

By Edward Samuel

Richardson, the novelist, is in St. Bride's, of Fleet Street. So, too, Lovelace who "loved honour more." The comments of Irish Bridget on the state of the church called after her would be good for De Valera to hear. Doubtless St. Patrick, in whose grave she was buried 1300 years ago, could help her out with a dozen round begorras on the Hun.

Up the hill, and past St. Paul's and burnt-out bookland, is St. Mary-le-Bow. The sound of her bells made babies Londoners. Cheapside has had long experience of battered churches. In 1090 the roof of Old St. Mary's was blown off. Saxons, still cursing the cross-channel invaders, saw the wind do it. In 1196 they fired the place to drive Fitz Osbert out. In 1271 the steeple fell on folk. In 1284 a murder was done there, and sixteen men were hanged for it. The blitz is only an incident. Bow Bells will call back many a future Dick to be Lord Mayor of London.

And on Michaelmas Day in happier years, he will go in robes of state and all the Corporation to the Lord Mayor's Service, in St. Lawrence Jewry restored. The aldermen will file past the graves of Sir Richard Gresham and the great grandfather of poor Anne Boleyn. Talking of Lord Mayors, it was Sir Richard Keble who rebuilt, four centuries ago, the oldest of St. Mary's London churches. This was

St. Mary Aldermanbury of Bow Lane, whose battered walls await another benefactor.

A stone's-throw away in Queen Victoria Street, is St. Andrew by the Wardrobe. It had a fine carved pulpit and lovely shadowed wainscoting. Edward III bought the house next door to keep his clothes in. Sir John Beauchamp, warden of Cinque Ports, was the occupant who made way for the royal apparel. To-day the Cinque Ports are fifty, and their wardens a great army.

St. Clement's too, has felt the bombs. The date of his foundation is a secret kept by the stones. Perhaps the bells know, and talk of oranges and lemons in studied simplicity. We know that the carved oak pulpit saw the worship of Huguenot refugees, and many another scene from history.

It will rise again, and men will tell how the bells glowed and fell in Britain's 'greatest hour.' There will be half-burnt prayer books in piles, and ashes on the floor when the parish gather for prayer. They will need no hymn books for some of the songs.

*"Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore . . .
And chiming from the east,
Pray when will that be
Say the bells of Stepney.*

*I do not know
Says the great bell of Bow
But Bow Bells are silent.*



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ALSO FLAT AND ROUND FIFTIES

BILLIARDS and SNOOKER

Billiards Players Doing Their Part in the War Effort—Do You Play Billiard Golf?—Historic Records Lost for All Time During London Blitzkrieg

Round about this time each year billiards players get out their cues and prepare for the good things to follow during the winter months.

Last year much enthusiasm was evinced in our tournament games and new champions came to light; it is sure to be the same in 1941.

One thing on the credit side of billiards players of the Empire is that they have done more than their share, by comparison, than many of their fellows in the way of raising funds for our fighting forces. The professionals in the highest class have been untiring in their efforts. In England, Joe Davis, Melbourne Inman, Tom Newman, Willie Smith, Claude Falkiner, Tom Reece, Donaldson and Holt have raised between them £13,220 as at January 31 last. A most excellent effort, but one which amplifies the great work the world's champion, Walter Lindrum, is doing in our midst. With approximately one-sixth of the population to work on, as compared with our English cousins, the Australian has raised nearly £20,000—Victoria produced £15,000, and N.S. Wales, in three months, has responded with upwards of £4,000.

The "Lindrum Drive" will end on May 2, and our club may well rest content in the knowledge that its members added substantially to the moneys collected.

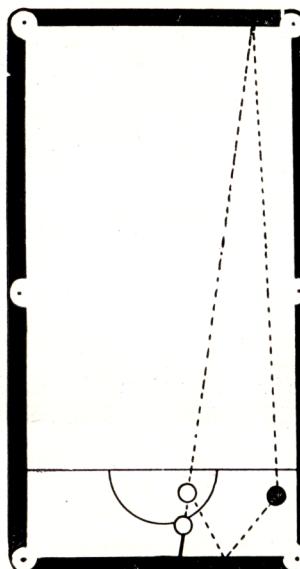
Ever Play Billiard Golf?

Did you ever play "billiard golf"?

The Rules are simple to a degree. Red ball is placed on centre spot and the cue-ball is in hand (only two balls are used). Object is to pot red into top left-hand pocket and then go round the table, in order, without returning to baulk. Red, after each pot, is spotted on centre spot. A miss, or in-off disqualifies.

To go round the table in 20 strokes represents a very fine effort; fifteen is extra good and twelve almost a dream.

Horace Lindrum, snooker champion, has a "six" to his credit, but that was on a table 6ft. x 3ft. as against full size. All the same the Billiards and Control Council (England) recognised the effort.



A nice gathering shot. Drive object white up and down table and draw cue-ball back to bottom cushion. Impart low right-hand side.

At the moment, in several English clubs, players are amusing themselves with "billiard golf" playing shilling pool, the winner take half and the balance to the Red Cross.

Historic Billiard Hall Ruined.

Thurston's, of London, has been aptly termed the hub of English billiards, and it was fitting that its four walls should house the Billiards Antiquities Exhibition of 1940, which was opened by the Lord Mayor of London to raise funds for the British Red Cross.

All went well until one morning in October last when, after a blitz, all that was left of concrete evidence of the evolution of billiards was a mass of debris piled high and beyond recognition. Fortunately, some enthusiasts had purchased catalogues—and they, at least, possess the most complete set of records ex-

tant; but, never again can we hope to gather anything like the data produced which had been gathered over a term of years and then, when war broke out, handed over for patriotic purposes. It was just too bad.

Our Good Fortune.

It is our good fortune that aerial warfare has not yet descended on Sydney. We can relax and enjoy each other's company—and there is no better way to tone up the jaded nerves than a restful game or two daily on the green cloth. It takes one out of oneself because concentration is required, but, concentration of pleasant nature and far removed from our ordinary walks in life. That is why it is so good. I'll meet you in a game of snooker!

NATIONAL HORSE FOR A FIVER?

Continuing bargain lines in sport there is a horse who will run in the next Grand National whose purchase price was £4/10/-.

Sawfish is the name and his owner, Mr. W. Tate, a Worcestershire man, recently refused 1,000 guineas for him.

Sawfish first went into the market two years ago at an auction sale and was knocked down to Mr. C. Anderson, owner of a riding school, for £5; and he took 10/- back "for luck."

Entering point-to-point races, Sawfish won five in a row. Mr. Tate bought him for 200 guineas and recently Sawfish was a winner at Wye and at Colwall Park where he scored with 13st. He won steeple-chases at six meetings during the last N.H. season and now he is to be entered for the big jump at Aintree.

His sire was Spion Kop, a Derby winner, yet anyone could have had him for a fiver.



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DUBBO — “*The Hub of the West*”

ABOUT 283 miles from Sydney, on the Great Western line, is the historic town of Dubbo, on the banks of the Macquarie River. Its annual rainfall of 22 inches makes it eminently suitable not only for an important pastoral and agricultural centre, but also for an ideal holiday and tourist resort.

In 1818, Surveyor-General John Oxley, following the course of the Macquarie River, passed through on June 10th and 11th the site of the present town of Dubbo. Ten years later, Laurence and Robert Dulhunty gave the district its name after an old aboriginal whom they found encamped on the banks of the river.

Accompanying the two brothers were fine types of Scottish crofters: Archie Cameron, Archie McVicar and John Gillis, and it was these men who pioneered the first farming and grazing enterprise at the old Dubbo Station.

In 1836 Laurence Dulhunty sold his share of the property to his brother, and then was appointed first Commissioner of Crown Lands for all the country west of Bathurst. Robert was made controller of the convict station, and was now, as owner of an immense property, in a position to refuse permission for the establishment of a township on his station. His refusal was responsible for the selection of the present site of the town.

In 1837 troops from Bathurst supervised the building of Dubbo House, designed as a roadside inn for travellers going west.

But the acknowledged founder of the town itself, oddly enough, was a Frenchman, Jean Emile de Boillon Serisier, who was a native of Bordeaux, France. He arrived in the Dubbo district in the early forties, and came into conflict with Robert Dulhunty over the building of a store. However, in 1848, Serisier assisted Surveyor White to drive in the first pegs for the town. White had previously laid out Melbourne, and the similarity of design of the two towns is very apparent.

Jean Serisier was an excellent citizen, and it was due to his energy that a Court of Quarter Sessions was established in Dubbo, that the telegraph system was extended to the town, and that the wine industry was developed in the district.

The first national school was opened in 1858, and in 1865 the foundation stone of a mill was laid, the property of Messrs. Dickson and Burrows. Part of the building still exists embodied in the modern structure of Taylor's Chambers.

On 19th February, 1872, the town was proclaimed a municipality. The first Council was elected and James Samuels became the first mayor. In 1871 at a meeting presided over by J. C. Ryrie, it was decided to form an association to be known as the North-Western Pastoral and Agricultural Association, and its first show was held in March, 1873. The following year saw the establishment of the first newspaper, “The Liberal.”

In 1881 the first railway line to the town was opened, linking Dubbo “to the seaport beyond the mountains,” and in 1897 the wife of the then mayor, R. J. Ryan, sent the first message over the telephone wires. The end of the century saw important secondary industries established in Dubbo such as The Dubbo Co-operative Milling Company's flour mill, E. H. Utley's Centennial Saw and Planing Mills, two large coach factories and engineering works, two breweries, a tannery and three cordial factories, a fellmongering and wools scouring establishment and the Dubbo Refrigerating and Boiling Down Company Ltd.

In 1920 the Prince of Wales visited Dubbo. In 1926 Dubbo experienced the greatest flood in its history, when much damage was done to the town and the railway lines.

Dubbo has a great record of progress over the last 60 years. Its population to-day is almost 9,000, with 4,000 in the surrounding district. It produces over 1 million bushels of wheat, with 16,000 acres of lucerne and 8,000 acres under oats. Butter production has stood at a quarter of a million lbs. weight; there are over 300,000 sheep in the district and 10,000 cattle.

To-day, Dubbo is a modern and prosperous town in all respects with its water, gas and electricity supplies, its fine homes, its Olympic Swimming Pool, and its famous Tennis Club, where the Annual State Hardcourt Championships are held.

“The Hub of the West” has justly earned its proud title.

**The RURAL BANK
OF NEW SOUTH WALES**

A Peep at the Parachute

In this, the second world war of our generation, there are parachutists and parashootists—the former, those who "bale out" from winged 'planes and those who, equipped militarily, land behind the advanced lines of enemy forces; the latter, those assigned to shoot down and generally annihilate parachutists.

LET'S reflect on what men had to go through to acquire the knowledge that made the modern parachute possible. It is an epic of human daring.

The time was half-past seven on the evening of July 25, 1837, at Vauxhall Gardens, London. A crowd of several thousand people stood gaping at a spectacle which few had seen the like of before. Some sixty feet above the ground a huge balloon floated, swaying gently at its mooring ropes. The attention of the multitude was concentrated, however, not on the gas bag itself, but on a queer saucer-shaped contraption thirty-four feet in diameter suspended from the balloon's basket and encircled by the taut ropes which held the great globe captive.

Two men were leaning over the edge of the lofty basket, waiting for a signal from a third man who was dangling below in a smaller basket twenty feet beneath the overshadowing saucer device. This man in the lower basket was Robert Cocking, England's daring pioneer of the air. His big contraption, known by the name of parachute, had aroused the interest of all England. Even the 17-year-old Queen Victoria, who had come to the throne three weeks before, was gazing interestedly from a distant window.

Cocking was about to carry on the experiments of Blanchard and Garnerin. Anxious to overcome the great weakness of Garnerin's 'chute—its tendency toward violent rocking—Cocking had made his parachute with the concave side upward, like a saucer right side up. He believed the enormous surface of the 34-foot contraption would make sufficient air resistance to retard his descent. The framework for his unique device was constructed of hollow tin tubing, which had the advantage of lightness combined with greater strength than the same weight in

wood. Cocking was so confident in his creation that he had not even taken the precaution to test it out with a dummy, but had decided to risk all on a descent in person this very first time. From the height of 5,000 feet (about one mile) the balloonists could only occasionally glimpse the earth through openings in the clouds, when they saw a bewildering patchwork of fields of different colours. Because they were rising only very slowly now, Green, the balloon's pilot, asked his navigator, named Spencer, to drop some ballast. This Spencer did, being careful to throw the little parcels of sand well clear of the spreading parachute below.

But the balloon continued to ascend hardly any faster, and as the twilight settled it was apparent that the balloon would take a long time reaching the mile-and-a-half altitude desired by Cocking for his test.

Green therefore shouted to Cocking (whom he could not see because of the intervening parachute): "We won't possibly have time to get up to 8,000 feet in time for you to descend by the light of day."

Replied Cocking, according to a report in the London "Times" the next morning: "Then I shall very soon leave you; but tell me whereabouts I am."

"We appear to be on a level with Greenwich," shouted Navigator Spencer.

Then Green asked Cocking: "Do you feel comfortable and satisfied that your calculations will be borne out in practice?"

"Yes," said the dauntless inventor. "I never felt more comfortable or delighted in my life."

Shortly afterwards he added: "Well, now I think I shall leave you."

Said Green: "I wish you a very good-night and a safe descent, if you are determined to make it and

not to use the tackle." (A tackle had been arranged so that Cocking could be raised into the balloon basket should he for any reason decide to postpone his descent.)

"Good-night, Spencer; good-night, Green!" shouted Cocking.

With a violent swishing sound the great saucer-shaped parachute fell, gradually picking up speed. The speed was much greater than the worried passenger in his little basket had expected—but he was probably somewhat comforted to note that there was no rocking motion. As the downward speed kept on increasing, however, suddenly the round rim of the parachute began to cave in. The speed increased still more as the furious air steadily forced the great surface to fold up. At last there was nothing left of it but a tail of flapping rags behind the basket as it plunged toward the earth. Finally the cloth and frame ripped entirely free of the basket, leaving the doomed man to plummet on down in his flimsy enclosure until he crashed in a field.

Within a few minutes a crowd had collected, and Cocking was found to be still breathing feebly. But one onlooker, a doctor, lost no time in bleeding the already bloody victim, according to the accepted practice of the day, and within half an hour Robert Cocking was dead.

Since then "delayed drops" have been made at terrific speeds. Under the stimulus of war the perfection of the parachute is proceeding.

Heaven knows, when peace comes again, we might be landing on specially prepared roof tops in Sydney. The conductor of the 8.10 a.m. 'plane from the eastern suburbs will be calling: "All for the Park-street-King-streets block bail out here." And so we will go over, with the same nonchalance as to-day we step off a tram at the Park-street stop.

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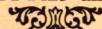
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TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY

May Race Meeting
(Randwick Racecourse)

Saturday, May 17th, 1941

THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £250; second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeple-chase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. extra. Nomination 10/-; Acceptance 10/-.

ABOUT ONE MILE AND THREE-QUARTERS.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

(For Two-Year-Old Colts and Geldings.)

A Handicap of £400; second £65, third £35 from the prize. Nomination £1; Acceptance £3.

FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

(For Two-Year-Old Fillies.)

A Handicap of £400; second £65, third £35 from the prize. Nomination £1; Acceptance £3.

FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.

THE FLYING HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; Acceptance £4.

SIX FURLONGS

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Nomination £1; Acceptance £2.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

THE JAMES BARNES PLATE.

A Handicap of £750; second £125, third £75 from the prize. Nomination £1; Acceptance £6/10/-.

ONE MILE AND THREE FURLONGS.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £400; second £65, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination £1; Acceptance £3.

ONE MILE.

NOMINATIONS for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, or the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 p.m. on

Monday, May 5th, 1941

and shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races, a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 12th May, 1941.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 15th May, 1941, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time for starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, and in the event of the outer course being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distances advertised.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.